

MEXICO MISSOURI MESSAGE.

VOLUME II.

MEXICO, AUDRAIN COUNTY, MISSOURI, THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1901.

NUMBER 19

James Myers is again a resident of Rush Hill.

Mexico wants an "old-fashioned fair" this fall.

Charles A. Towne lectures at Columbia April 16.

The smallpox is going, and that makes all Mexico glad.

Fry & Clay, the attorneys, have moved into their new office.

Silas Martin, of Rush Hill, now has charge of the Globe Hotel in this city.

Two negroes broke the smallpox quarantine last week and were fined in the city court.

Rural mail delivery out from this city southwest to Gant and north to Molino begins tomorrow.

Charles Pope, formerly of this city, was crushed between two street cars in St. Louis one day last week.

W. T. Nardin, of Vandalia, has been elected one of the officers of the University Debating Club at Columbia.

Judge John A. Guthrie has been elected president of the Mexico Southern Bank and Honorable C. F. Clark vice president.

Leuelia Erdel, near Worcester, is suing her husband, Peter Erdel, for divorce. She charges cruel treatment and other indignities.

That's a new fad to be taken up over at Paris, Monroe County, at the city primary election this spring. The polls are not to be open from 6:30 p. m. till 9:30 p. m.

Mrs. Porter Gregory entertained her Sunday School class at her home on East Liberty St. Monday afternoon. She has an interesting class of about twenty members. Owing to the blustery day all did not attend but those who did were delightedly entertained and came away with praises for their much esteemed teacher. Mrs. Gregory takes a heartiest interest in her work.

The MESSAGE editor was sitting in the office of the Printers' Supply Company in St. Louis the other day when who should walk in but Col. W. H. H. Jackman, remembered in Audrain county 15 years ago as the founder of the "Laddonia Enterprise." He has since been divorced from his wife, the latter coming to this city and later marrying another man. Jackman is just as curious as of yore. Says he has lost his health and in the past few years has traveled in South Missouri, Kansas, Illinois and Michigan. He still has a hankering for newspaper work; has his old Laddonia Enterprise printing outfit on his hands yet. Jackman is as harmless as a rabbit, but, all the same, is rather an interesting number.

An experience with a balky horse is told by a farmer as follows: "One day I was driving him along the railroad and just as we got onto the crossing he balked. At first I was afraid a train would come along; then after a while I didn't care whether one came or not, and in about an hour I was afraid one wouldn't come. I just ached to have a train come along. I prayed for one. Pretty soon I saw one coming. It made me smile, and when the engineer blew his whistle for me to get off the track, I laughed. I just climbed out of the back of the buggy and leaned against the fence and prepared to enjoy the picnic. Oh, but it was sport. That balky horse went that time. He was distributed along the track for 20 rods. And the old buggy and harness looked so comical. I never had such fun since I was a boy. I sued the railroad company for \$200; a jury of farmers gave me \$672.50. It is too hard to drive a balky horse and be a Christian at the same time. I tried to, years ago, and gave it up as a bad job."

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fails, druggists refund money.

An Audrain Boy.

The Vandalia Mail and Express prints this item: "Ben Morgan received a letter from his brother, Fred, who is at Orami, Baton, P. I., in Co. E, 32d U. S. Volunteers. They are having good weather now. On Jan. 13 his company engaged in a fight in the mountains in which 50 insurgents were killed or wounded. Four regiments are to be mustered out soon. Fred has been appointed lieutenant with a salary of \$125 per month."

Something Strange, Sure.

The Bowling Green Times gets off this little piece of fun: "Pike county should look into the matter and save her reputation. W. W. Fry, a Pike County boy now living in Mexico, Mo., was petitioned to run for councillorman from his ward and actually refused to accept, though he had a 'lead pipe cinch' on the office. And he is a Democrat at that. The Times moves that the office-seekers of Pike county (and that includes every man and many women) wait upon Mr. Fry at once."

Negro Students Fined.

Jefferson City, March 8.—The students of Lincoln Institute, the State normal for the negroes here, who were indicted for voting illegally last fall, pleaded guilty to the charge in the circuit court here this morning and were fined \$50 and costs each. They are G. W. Allen, James T. Brown, Anderson Bradbury, Louis Pugh, Frederick S. Parker, Robert S. Spann, W. Stewart, Marion Diggs, John Bias and Charles Huff. President Jackson and the other members of the faculty of the institution advanced the money and paid the fines and costs, amounting to nearly \$600.

Gant Assigns.

I. H. Gant, a farmer of the western part of this county, has assigned. He assigns to C. W. Settle. Excepting the property he reserves as allowed him by law, the deed of assignment contains the following items: 13 head horses and mules, \$1,040.00; 5 milk cows and calves, 150.00; 48 heifers and steers, 1,560.00; 42 hogs, 420.00; 950 barrels of corn, 1,520.00; Farming implements, 155.00; Millet, timothy and hay, 91.00; 3,000 feet oak lumber, 37.50; 5 cattle troughs, 5.00; Foundation rock, 22.40; Money in Farmers' and Merchants' Bank at Centralia, 200.00; One insurance policy in State Life Ins. Co. of Indiana, 5,000.00; One policy in N. Y. L. Co., 5,000.00. He also assigns real estate valued at about \$8,000 in which he had a \$2,000 equity.

A Rehearing.

The St. Louis Court of Appeals gives W. A. Edmonston a rehearing in the Audrain Circuit Court in his suit against E. E. Jones, which was an action to recover the value of 39 head of hogs estimated to be worth about \$200. The case first came to trial at the September term of our Circuit Court in 1899. Edmonston got a verdict for \$25. Edmonston obtained a new trial, and the case came up again at the January term following. This time the verdict was for Jones. Edmonston appealed when the verdict of the lower Court was affirmed. Edmonston then filed a motion for a rehearing which was granted, as above stated.

The costs in the case are estimated to be near \$600. Jones claimed the hogs by a mortgage on them given him by Mrs. Rieley and drove them from Edmonston's premises after the latter had fed them for some time.

Kaiser Has Three Tailors. The Kaiser has three tailors for his civil costumes—one in Berlin and two in Vienna. He has also one in London for his uniforms, which are all made in that capital. The cost of the Kaiser's military garments runs well into four figures. The foreign uniforms alone fill two large rooms.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fails to cure, druggists refund money.

A Pioneer's Death.

The correspondent of the Globe-Democrat in this city sends the following item from here to that paper: Word comes from Oakland, Cal., of the recent death of Judge James Jamison, who was reared in this section. He left here on the 10th day of April, 1850, with a party of 131 others for the California gold field. For a time he lived in Nevada and was elected District Judge, in which office he acquitted himself with credit. Returning to California he was identified with railroad office work until the time of his death. Of the party with which Judge Jamison went to California there are but four survivors; J. D. Morris and R. S. Pearson, of this city; R. A. Byrns, of Audrain County, and John Mahan, of near Centralia.

Land Sales.

Isaac Johnson and wife, to David J. and Orpheus B. Mayes, a half section and a half of sec 30-52-10, \$3000. John W. Graves and wife, to Nettie G. Pugh, lots 5 and 6 blk 4 Muldrows ad to Mexico and other property, \$10. Emma J. Culbertson and husband, to Mary A. Eales, lots 3 and 4 blk 1 Case's ad to Laddonia, \$500. Geo. F. Doebelin and wife, to Louis S. Koch, strip land w side ne 6-51-7, \$9. James H. Woods and wife, to E. C. Nieman, prt nw and prt sw ne 8-51-8, (48%) ad, \$1.050. Jacob A. Stevenson and wife, to Wm. J. McCord, 202 a in 7-50-9 and 2-50-10, \$5,450. Ida B. Baker, to Elizabeth Baker, lots 5, 6, 7 and 8 strip blk 3 N. Laddonia, \$100. John T. Forrest and wife, to J. C. and E. R. Denham, w hf nw 5 and e hf e hf ne 6-52-12, \$5,200. Henry H. Meyer and wife, to Laura A. Hudson, descriptive tract N. Jefferson street Mexico, \$200. Francis J. Morrison and wife, to Lottie M. Dozier, se nw and w hf ne 31-51-10, \$2,500. Lottie M. Dozier and husband, to Francis J. Morrison, lots 1 and 2 blk 24 original Mexico, \$2,500. C. G. Daniel and wife, to Wm. McP. Daniel, all following blk 25 and piece ground 90 feet front adjoining blk 6 all in McPike's 2nd ad to Vandalia, \$400. Eugene B. Hults, to J. E. Wallace, 1 a e side ne sw and 2 a adjoining in 8-50-10, \$800. C. G. Daniel and wife, to Benlah T. Daniel, blk 1 Aaron McPike's 2nd ad to Vandalia, \$400. Jennie A. Kanitzer and husband, to J. E. Hoyle, n hf se 32-52-11, \$2,500. Michael Keller and wife, to Geo. W. Grubbs, se sw 10 and ne nw 15-51-10, \$1,080. C. D. Rodgers and wife and W. W. Fry and wife, to James Murray, w hf sw 26-50-7, \$1,650. Mary E. Daniel and husband, to C. F. Urney, ne se and 66 a prt w hf ne 8-51-10, \$2,120. Chas. J. Beedy and wife, to Tim T. J. Parker, n hf nw 14-51-6, \$2,000. Armstead W. Powell and wife, to Frank P. Carter, 2 a in 2-51-9 and 6-52-9, \$2,400. Chas. H. Shoup and wife, to E. M. Crooks, n hf ne nw se 26-52-8, \$50. A. B. Tolliver, to Mary L. McCann, lots 3 and 4 5 6 original Vandalia, \$1,000. Geo. T. Baker, to Armstead W. Powell, nw 24-51-10, \$4,700. James H. Dillard and wife, to Jno. W. Dunkin, n hf se 14-52-9, \$2,400. James H. Dillard and wife, to Ed. M. Crooks, 176 a in 25 and 26-52-8, \$5,100. Jno. B. Gregory, to J. A. Quick, e hf nw 22-51-6, \$1,500. W. C. Azdel and wife, to E. M. Crooks, 9 a in nw se 26-52-8, \$100.

Jefferson City, Mo., March 7.—The House today passed without amendment the Senate franchise tax bill. Gov. Dockery will sign it as soon as it reaches him this week, and the Democratic party of Missouri will have redeemed one of the most important of the pledges contained in the platform on which it carried the State last November.

To Governor Dockery is due the prime credit for the prompt passage of a franchise tax bill, which is pronounced on all hands entirely adequate to the assessment and taxation of franchisees.

The question in the House today was, should the House, by adopting the majority report, recede from the position it had taken without a dissenting voice, or should it, by adopting the minority report, throw down the gauntlet for a fight to the finish with the Senate. Hawkins, of Marion, the first speaker on the reports, urged the House to fight. He was chairman of the committee which drafted the House bill.

"I have no pride of opinion, but am actuated only by a desire to promote the interests of my party," he said. "This bill has never received the discussion its prominence merits. It has not been properly discussed in the Conference Committee."

After the dinner recess Huck and Dickinson pleaded for the adoption of the majority report.

When Speaker Whitecotton also took the floor to speak in favor of the majority report and the immediate adoption of the Senate bill, the last effective opposition vanished. The roll call, on which the majority report was adopted, and the franchise tax question was settled.

Governor Dockery did effective missionary work in behalf of the bill last night and today, appearing in the hall of the House to supply argument and energy to the supporters of the Senate bill.

Governor Dockery declares his gratification at the course of events. He expresses a firm conviction that the law is effective and that any corporation called on for a report on the value of its franchise will respond at once, despite the absence of machinery, lest the Board of Equalization assess it ten high.

A Crow Hatchery. A crow hatchery, the only one in the world, has been established in Brookville, Pa. The crows' eggs are hatched in an incubator, and when the birds are eight weeks old they are gullotined. The heads sell for twenty-five cents each and are used as ornaments for bonnets.

Animals Living Without Food. A horse will live twenty-five days without solid food, merely drinking water. A bear will go for six months. A viper can exist for ten months without food. A serpent in confinement has been known to refuse food for twenty-one months.

FOR HIS GOOD.

"I bring you the stately matron named Christendom, returning bedraggled, besmirched and dishonored from pirate raids in Kiao-Chow, Manchuria, South Africa and the Philippines, with her soul full of meanness, her pocket full of 'boodle' and her mouth full of pious hypocries. Give her soap and towel, but hide the looking glass."—Mark Twain's Greeting to the Twentieth Century, written for the Red Cross Society.

If you see an island shore Which has not been grabbed before, Lying in the track of trade as islands should, With the simple native quite Unprepared to make a fight, Oh, you just drop in and take it for his good.

Chorus: Oh, you kindly stop and take it for his good. Not for love of money, be it understood, But you row yourself to land, With a Bible in your hand, And you pray for him, and rob him, for his good.

If he hollers, then you shoot him—for his good. Yes, and still more far away, Down in China, let us say, Where the "Christian" robs the "heathen" for his good.

You may burn and you may shoot, You may fill your sack with loot, But be sure you do it only for his good.

Chorus: When you're looting Chinese Buddhas for their good, Picking spoils from their eyeballs made of wood, As you try them out with care, —Bretton Shubert, in Chicago Record.

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SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

The Fellow Who Thought He Had Witch Hazel but Who Was Really Mistaken—Weakness of the Human Character.

IT WAS HEROIC TREATMENT. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer: A Binghamton man began to hiccup last Saturday. He hiccupped all day and all night and was hard at it Sunday morning. Every remedy that his alarmed friends gave him seemed to accelerate the hiccups. People sent in from all over town and recommended sure cures. And he steadily grew worse.

Then a wise neighbor had a bright idea. He thought it all out by himself. He went over to the hiccupper's home and was ushered into the room where the afflicted one was fast hiccupping his life away.

"Hullo," said the neighbor in a light and cheerful tone. "How's the old snark this morning?"

The sufferer rolled his eyes at the neighbor in pained surprise. "Don't give me any of your crocodile glances," snorted the friend. "If you'd quit drinking when I told you to you wouldn't be in this shameful condition."

"Wh-hic-at's th-hic-at?" gasped the sick man.

"Oh, don't come any of your innocent business on me," cried the neighbor. "I know you, you old sponge."

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"Called you a sponge, you lobster," followed the neighbor. "You're a pretty object lesson for your unfortunate chile en, ain't you, you gulping old hypocrite?"

"Get out of my niche!" roared the sick man.

"Go to blazes," yelled the neighbor. "I'm going to stay right here and see the last of you. The people on the street sent me over. Wait until the old wolf's gone," he said, and then waved a flag out of the window. They're going to have a jollification supper and fireworks tonight—and don't you dare to disappoint 'em!"

This was too much for the hiccupper. He said several very bad words as he made a dash at the neighbor and they raced around the room half a dozen times—the hiccupper getting madder at every jump—and then the neighbor darted through the door and escaped.

The sick man flung a flower pot at him as he raced down the yard, and then he suddenly realized that his hiccups had gone.

For that was a part of the neighbor's theory, you see. He believed that if he could get the dying man real excited and angry the affliction would leave him. And he proved he was right.

Citizenship. Once upon a time some savages, desiring to be civilized and observing with apprehension that the genius of the Anglo-Saxon race was falling behind its schedule, resolved to do the trick themselves.

Accordingly they massacred their wives and children, burned their homes and otherwise desolated their country.

"But who," they now exclaimed uneasily, "is to exterminate us?"

The fact that they had not foreseen this obvious difficulty shows how extremely simple they were. For of course their last state was not sensibly better than their first.—Detroit Journal.

JUST HIS MIND. His mamma—Willie, I don't like that cough of yours, at all.

Willie—I ain't stuck on it, either, mamma.

AN EFFECTIVE REMEDY. From the Detroit Free Press: His name is suppressed in compliance with a solemn promise, but he is a publisher in a certain special line, known throughout the land. He is of that type that foresees awful results from the most trivial indications. If he has a pain in his great toe he anticipates an amputation of his leg, and if a neuralgic shoot pierces his body he considers himself a victim of galloping consumption.

He waked up the other night with a call ache in his side. Of course it was pneumonia, and a bad case at that. He called upon his wife to get the "big bottle" of witch hazel and give his side a thorough rubbing. She found the bottle, which is properly labeled, and returned.

"No, no," as she began preparations for the application. "Don't turn down the covers. It would be sure death if he air struck me." So she slid hands and bottle between the sheets and

fought sleep for a full hour while she rubbed. Finally he reported that he was all right and paid a glowing tribute to the curative powers of witch hazel.

When the good wife went to replace the bottle she found her hands as black as coal and the sleeve of her only garment in the same condition. She hurried to her patient in fear and trembling to find his side as deep an ebony as that of the king of Dahomey, and all of his surroundings of the same color. Just as he was concluding that he was rapidly mortifying or had the black plague and not more than a few minutes to live, the son came in. He heard the story breathlessly told and then laughed until his back had to be pounded to insure breathing. When he told how he had filled that bottle with ink as he had bought more than the usual depositories would hold, the old gentleman forgot all about pneumonia while he was turning the air a ghoul-like blue and impregnating it with the odor of sulphur.

ALL A MISTAKE. Peregrinating Peters—Wudn't yer like ter be ez happy ez er lark?

Sollem Simpson—Naw; dat's all er mistake. Er lark has ter git to be early ter be happy.

MASTERS SOBER REQUEST. From the King: The policeman had given his testimony, which was unquestionably to the fact of the old gentleman's intoxication. Then the old servant was called to the witness box. There was a mingled expression of indignation and determination on his countenance. He testified fully, to the surprise of the court, that the old man was sober when he came home. The magistrate proceeded to question the witness:

"You say that Mr. — was sober when he came home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he get to bed alone?"

"No, sir."

"Did you put him to bed?"

"Yes, sir."

"And he was perfectly sober?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did he say when you put him to bed?"

"Anything else?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was it? Tell us exactly what he said, every word."

"He said as how I was to wake him and call him early, for he was to be queen of the May."

"The old man was fined."

Indignant. "What's the matter?" asked the sympathetic friend.

"I'm indignant," said Representative Husker. "I've only just been elected, but the thoughtlessness of my colleagues and their lack of true American local pride fills me with a gloom which the glories of my new surroundings cannot dispel. There is work for me to do here. Already they are talking about putting this project to build a canal way down in the bottom of Panama ahead of the new postoffice and river and harbor improvements at Swamp Center!"—Washington Star.

Impending Strike. Hoax—I went through the big locomotive works yesterday and while I was there I heard indications of a strike.

Hoax—You don't say.

Hoax—Yes. Just as I was leaving I heard one workman call another a liar. Philadelphia Record.

Breaking the News to Him. "Why do you have so many calendars hanging around?" asked the new clerk.

"That's for the benefit of my employees," replied the fox business man. "When any of them feel the need of a vacation they can take a month off."—Philadelphia Record.

One Way to Tell. Henderson (who has just bought a new pipe)—Can you tell me, professor, if this amber is genuine?

Professor—Oh, that's easily determined. Soak it in alcohol for twenty-four hours. If it's genuine it will then have disappeared.—Glasgow Evening Times.

Taking a Month Off. "Don't you think that I shoot rather well, Roberts?"

"Yes, sir! Oh, yes, sir! Indeed, I dunno as I ever see a better shooter, never sir. All you need air, is to 'it as well as you shoot, sir, and you'll be a winner."—Scraps.

What He Got. Theatrical agent—How much do you earn at present?

Hamaker—About \$75 a week.

Theatrical agent—About?

Hamaker—Yes—I get \$10.—Ohio State Journal.

Best Man. Little Willie—Papa, who is the best man at a wedding?

Mr. Hennepeck—The best man is the chap who sees the other fellow get the worst of it, my son.—Smart Set.

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